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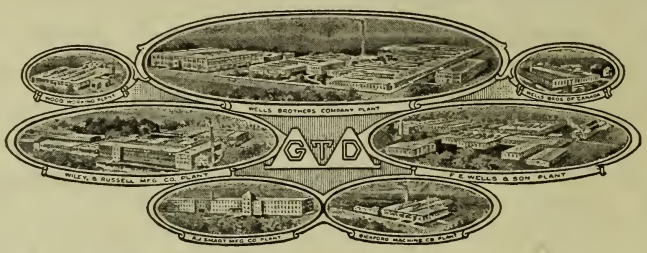
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Published quarterly by the students of the Turners Falls High School. Entered as second class matter at the Turners Falls Post Office. Circulation Five Hundred. Price twenty-five cents per copy. On sale in Turners Falls at the High School and at the Corner Book Store, also in Millers Falls at C. L. Cook & Company's Store, and in Montague at Day's Store. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917.

Issued from the Press of the Greenfield Recorder, Greenfield, Mass.



WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

It was mid-afternoon in Ceylon. The tropical sun shone down without mercy; the breeze blew hot over the bay; everything was enveloped in blazing, blinding heat. A certain cluster of huts were built on the shore, near Colomba, but these seemed deserted. Even the natives themselves had been driven indoors by the heat.

A ship lay at anchor in the bay. Our curious gaze turned itself to the ship for we noticed that there was action taking place on board. In spite of the heat, sailors were hurrying about, seemingly in confusion, and apparently preparing to set sail. Why, we wondered idly, was there such apparent haste?

A close view of the affairs on board the ship told the whole sad tale. The dreaded fever had broken forth and was unmercifully taking its toll both from the passengers and the crew. Our eyes looked in horror upon the suffering, the dying and the dead.

In one berth there was an especially sad sight which met our gaze. A young mother was sorrowfully and painfully writing in a small book. On the bed beside her lay her dead husband, her beautiful three year old daughter was by her side. What was she writing? We found it was her diary and from the last page of writing we read this sad entry: "Dear little daughter, my heart is full of sorrow, and I can hardly write this, my farewell. I cannot leave you, dear, yet I must. Your father has already left us. Now the fever has come to me, and I, too, will soon be gone. The pages that have come before will tell you of your parents and of your home. I can leave you nothing more. God bless you, dear, and put you in the care of loving friends."

During this time, the little girl had been watching her mother. She could not understand why her mother, after tying the diary around her child's neck, grew almost as still and white as her father.

Soon after this we saw the child playing in a boat which was tied to the ship and which had been used by the crew for going to and from the mainland. Before long, she was tired of playing, and lay down on the bottom of the boat and went to sleep. The rope which tied the boat had for long been frayed, and fate took this special time for entirely parting it.

Meanwhile the crew had been working in frenzied haste to set sail. Just at sun-down the ship's anchor was lifted, and a short time later the ship passed out of sight. In the boat, floating alone on the water, lay the sleeping child, with no one to care for her, save possibly a native woman.

It is again mid-afternoon in Ceylon, fifteen years later. The same

picturesque huts are clustered upon the shore, the same sun is beating down upon them. Swarthy native children are playing, but it is not upon these our eyes rest. Standing before one of the huts is a beautiful girl, tall, slender and graceful. Her pensive face has a half sorrowful, half wistful, but surpassingly sweet expression. It is then, on her, that our glance rests with such interest. Slowly, thoughtfully, she leaves the cluster of huts and climbs to the summit of a nearby hill. Here on a rock she sits and looks in a thoughtful mood upon the scene she has just left. May we have a glimpse into the life and thoughts of this charming girl, whose appearance is so sharply in contrast with the natives whose home she shares?

Once again the girl has climbed the hill and sits upon the rock, pondering over her old puzzle. As long as she can remember, she has lived in one of the huts at the foot of the hill. She has lived like the natives, talked and dressed like the natives; yet she knows she is not one of them. Her whole being cries out against the incongruity. Far, far back she can remember, no, not even remember, sense, a life different from her present life. That had been a happy life, this a life of vain longings, of empty dreams. Only on the crest of this hill could she find relief—here her love for the beautiful was satisfied. Here, loking down on the beautiful view of the bay, and the huts clustered on the shore, and the setting sun, her imagination wandered and took her on fairy flights through the clouds, over the mountains, always to some place of enchanted beauty. Without knowing it, this girl, whom fate had thus so carelessly tossed among the natives, had the soul of an artist and a poet.

No wonder she puzzles! No wonder she longs for the change that does not come! But of all the problems that come to her, the greatest puzzle is around a small book she has found in the hut where she lives. Nowhere has she been able to find what connection there is between the book and her life, but that this is the key to the whole puzzle, she has no doubt.

Many times, people from the outside world have come to visit the little village, but for some reason this strange girl can never bring herself to clamor about the foreigners as the others do. Instead, she hides herself, fearing the stares and laughter that she, of the white skin, would cause, being dressed in native costume. But always at such a time, her restlessness increases and afterwards her poetic nature revolts even more bitterly against her lot.

At one of these times, a passenger of the boat, a young artist, climbs the hill and he, too, is enchanted with the view. He brings his easel and attempts to paint the landscape. Unseen by the artist, the mysterious girl has followed him to the crest of the hill. Spellbound she watches him reproduce on canvas the scene she loves so dearly. Before her eyes grow the palms, in back of them stretch the bay, the shore with its clustered huts and even the glow of the sunset. But in the sunset she is disappointed. The coloring is too vivid. She longs to take the brushes and change the too rosy glow to a pale purple, melting into the shadows. Her eagerness can hardly contain itself.

The artist himself is dissatisfied and leaves his work to stroll to the other side of the hill. Almost without thinking, the fascinated girl comes from her hiding place, takes up the brushes, mixes the colors and paints. All her sense of the beautiful, that had for so long been struggling for life, expresses itself. The paints seem enchanted; each stroke of the brush is a fairy stroke.

The artist returns. He sees the painting—far, far more perfect than anything he could ever hope to do—and he sees the girl. In her joy of creating a thing of beauty, she herself is transformed into a living symbol of passionate, wondrous beauty. Strangely, the girl feels none of her old fears and gives the stranger a smile of welcome. Possibly her great joy casts out all other emotions, but rather let us think that from the first a deep feeling of friendliness and trust prompted her actions. She cannot speak his language, nor he, hers. Yet she knows instinctively that here is an understanding friend. She gives him the mysterious little

book, which she always carries with her and, while he reads it, she works happily with her paints.

Twilight settles gently over Ceylon. The girl still sits on the crest of the hill and still dreams. But her dreams are not empty and vague as before, but are filled with hope and happiness. She no longer ponders over the past, but looks hopefully toward the future.

Nearby sits the young artist. He, too, is silent, he, too, is thinking deeply, he, too, feels the spell of the night. What, then, may his thoughts be? Possibly he is planning to help make her dreams come true. Who can tell? R. C., '25.

HOW THE ROSE GOT ITS FRAGRANCE

"Oh, Aunt Martha! See the lovely red roses I've brought you. They are so pretty and fragrant, I think," cried Mildred as she came dancing up the steps.

Aunt Martha was not really Mildred's aunt, nor was she really the aunt of any of the village children, who so lovingly called her by that name. She was a little old lady who lived by herself in a little house at the end of the street. All her life she had spent in doing good, and everybody loved her. But the children loved her most of all, for this little lady had a great stock of stories to tell her little friends and she never seemed to tire of it.

Now she answered gaily, "My child, do you know how the rose got its fragrance? No? Then come, my dear, sit here beside me and I will proceed to relate it to you."

"Oh! do, I always love to hear your stories," cried Mildred as she gleefully took her place beside the old lady.

"Then don't interrupt and I shall," said Aunt Martha. "Once upon a time many, many, hundreds of years ago, when there were fairies on this earth, the queen of these little creatures became lost. She wandered around and flew in all directions, trying to find her way to fairyland. Then it started to rain, and it grew very dark, and the poor little fairy could not see where to go. Then she came to a garden full of very beautiful flowers. Being tired and wet, she flew to the lily and asked her if she might creep into her heart and wait till the storm passed. The lily, however, haughtily drew her petals together and replied that she didn't want any strangers around her. Then the poor little queen flew to the poppy and was again repulsed: then to the daffodil and was the third time repulsed; then to the heliotrope and then to the sweet pea, but at every flower she stopped she was haughtily told to go away. Then she flew about, bewildered. She was so tired that she did not know where she was going. All at once, she heard a voice say, 'Where are you going, little fairy?'

"She looked about but could see no one. Then she heard the question repeated. She looked about again and could not this time determine where the voice came from. A third time the question was repeated, and then the fairy, looking up, saw that it was the rose that was talking.

" 'Oh, rose,' she said, 'I am tired and lost. I have no place to stay till the storm is over.'

"And without being asked, the rose said, 'Creep into my heart, dear fairy. I will keep you warm.'

"The fairy did as she was bid. The next morning she crept out and thanking the rose, asked her what she could give her as a reward for her kindness. The flower, who was very modest, replied that she wanted nothing. However, the fairy, undaunted, said: 'You were kind to a helpless creature. As a reward for your kindness and generosity, you shall have a fragrance more lovely than any other flower in the garden.'

"And that," finished Aunt Martha, "is the story of how the rose got its fragrance. Profit by this story, child, and always be kind and you will be rewarded accordingly."

H. F., '25.

RED-WINGED FLAMINGOES

One day Captain Clark was blown with his schooner, "Hard Luck," by a fierce gale to the shore of an uncharted island. After the storm, there was a calm that prevented the captain from setting sail for home, so he decided to go ashore on a fishing trip while waiting for the wind to come up.

The captain and first mate started for shore. Along with him Captain Clark took a bottle of home brew which the cook had made specially for him. The cook was Chinese and claimed that he alone held the recipe for it.

Arrived on shore, the captain chose a spot with care so as not to be seen by the crew on the ship and produced his bottle with pride. The bottle passed between the captain and the mate several times before it was returned to the captain's pocket. Then setting their lines in order, they leaned back comfortably waiting for a bite.

The captain had hardly lit his pipe when around a point of rock came dancing in unison, each foot keeping exact time with that of its neighbor, six snow-white Flamingoes with crimson wings. First they were three abreast, then keeping perfect time, they fell in by twos.

"Suffering cyclones," yells the captain, "mate, do you see what I see?"

"I don't know what you see, but by the great hornspoon, there's half a dozen of red winged Flamingoes, or I've gone loony."

"Curse that Chink, with his home-brew," and the captain pulled out the bottle with the remains of the brew and heaved it as far as he could into the ocean.

Now as the bottle landed with a splash, the Flamingoes, as though the noise of the landing bottle was a signal, fell in a circle and began dancing ring-around-a-rosie, with their wings spread out, tip to tip.

This last performance was too much for the men and they took to their heels, jumped into the boat and made fast time in getting to the schooner.

Arrived on board, neither one dared say a word about their experience for fear of being made the laughing stock of the crew. The Chinese cook made his appearance with a broad smile on his face, expecting to be congratulated for his home brew, but he was rewarded with only a glare from both which boded him no good.

The wind had risen during their absence, and the captain ordered full sail and headed for home.

Arrived at their home port, Hongkong, the captain gave his crew leave of absence and the cook was given his pay and leave of absence forever.

Then the captain and first mate decided to get a drink of real stuff, so they entered a saloon and ordered drinks. One followed another until the captain's tongue began to loosen. Finally he beckoned to a young fellow who was sitting at the next table and told him the story of his experience.

After a while he got up and with the mate sound asleep in his chair, he returned to his ship and went to bed.

Late in the afternoon he was awakened by the first mate who was shaking him angrily, and when he finally became possessed of his full senses he was handed a newspaper. The headline indicated to him by the first mate proclaimed in big letters, "The Champion Liar of Hongkong."

The young man to whom he had told the story turned out to be a reporter, and with a reporter's imagination he had enlarged upon the story. The captain was so furious that he went immediately to the police to demand the arrest of the reporter.

The police sergeant, who had read the story, and with the furious actions of Captain Clark dancing up and down before his desk, decided to lock him up and have him examined by a doctor.

In his cell the captain sobered up and cursed himself for a fool and refused to talk with the jailers who were continually kidding him about his red-winged Flamingoes.

Shortly after a man appeared before his cell door and asked him if

he was Captain Clark, to which he replied that he was, but that it was none of his business.

The man asked him eagerly to tell him the story of the red-winged Flamingoes and said that he believed him. The captain, suspicious of being made fun of, told him to go to grass.

But the man protested that he was sincere, and that he himself owned six such birds a short time ago. Then he told him that he was the manager of a circus, and that while on his way to Hongkong, the door of the cage in which his trained Flamingoes were kept, became unfastened and that the birds flew away.

He offered Captain Clark five hundred dollars and his bail if he would lead him to the spot where he had seen the birds.

The bargain was made and the manager of the circus recaptured his birds. He explained that the wings of the birds were dyed that color by him to attract the interest of the people, that was how it happened that the captain and mate had seen such strange creatures. The character of the captain was vindicated with the exhibition of the birds on his return. He was satisfied and the cook eventually got his job back.

A. D., '25.

THE TIDES

Diana, the goddess of the chase and of the moon, was the sister of Apollo, the sun-god. They were born on the isle of Delos, which Neptune caused to rise up out of the sea to save their mother. Neptune now demanded that the children of Satona should make some recompense. His just demand was of Apollo. This god was accustomed to leave his chariot and horses in the care of Neptune during the night. In return for this and also for the service rendered his mother, Neptune desired that Apollo should drive only over the sea, lighting this alone and leaving the earth in darkness. To this Apollo assented, and accordingly the sun only shone on the ocean, leaving the land, and with it, Mount Olympus, in darkness.

This made Jupiter very angry, and he called upon his other brother, Pluto, to help him. The ruler of Hades refused, since he got no light from the sun in his realm. Jupiter, therefore, had to act alone. As Apollo set forth in his chariot, he threw a thunder bolt at him. Apollo was hurled from the car of the sun, which fell into the sea. This accident caused much damage, heating the water so greatly that many of the creatures in it were killed, and several ships were burned by the waves.

This enraged Neptune, but since he could not have his way with Apollo, who thereafter lighted the earth and sea alike, he determined that he would do what he pleased with Diana. Jupiter would not harm her, as she was a woman, so he ordered that she drive her horses over the sea only. This displeased Diana, for she was unable to hunt in the woods on the land at night. Consequently, while riding over the waves, she shot her arrows at some of the larger sea-animals. One of these was an especial pet of Neptune's and when she killed it, he was very furious. To avert another such happening, he began to accompany her in her chariot to see that she did no other damage.

However the horses refused to draw both of them and later a council of the gods decided that Neptune could not monopolize Diana's services.

Accordingly, she was allowed to return to her old ways. Still she continued to kill the sea-animals when no one was looking. To stop this, Neptune nightly sends some of the lesser sea-gods along to follow the chariot of the moon, and watch Diana. As these gods sweep along through the water in swift pursuit of the moon goddess, they carry the sea along with them in a great wave which sweeps up on the shores of all the land, and then recedes as they pass, thus causing the ebb and flood-tides.

P. J., '24.

MY KNOWLEDGE QUEST.

We were about to study the play, "Julius Caesar," and were asked to find out all we could about him. "What do I care about him? He has been dead these two thousand years." Such were my thoughts as I entered room two. Nothing could be found among the blank books of the sophomore bookkeeping class. I suppose they do not have to know about him to keep books. Rather disappointed to think they did not have to, I stepped into room One. On a chart in one corner, I noticed the name Caesar, but being unable to read Latin, this was no use, whatever, to me.

Climbing up to the third floor, I thought, "In room Fifteen is the place to find all about him, for he is mentioned a great deal by the Latin students." I looked all over for a Latin text book but none could be found. It appeared to me as though they had known I was coming, so they ran out of the open window.

It did not take me long to find out that there was nothing in the chemical and physics laboratories. I knew there was nothing about him in the cooking room, because all the time I had spent in cleaning the cupboards and washing and wiping the dishes never had I found anything about him.

I looked in vain in rooms Four and Five, and in despair entered room Six. In the encyclopedia I found six pages about him. After a long time of tiresome work it was copied. I will admit that I had it on paper but if the paper was lost I would know very little about Caesar.

A. R., '26.

ON QUARRELING

It is quite improbable that anyone would quarrel with himself. You might scold yourself, and reprimand yourself, but you cannot quarrel alone. When there are two persons together, however, they usually find it very easy to quarrel over most unimportant matters.

In speaking of quarrels, we find all kinds of them, all of which are dependent upon the persons who are quarreling. We find many people who are not serious and who engage in this pastime because they rather enjoy it. Then we find those people who quarrel seriously, but who are broad-minded enough to see the other's point of view. It is not these people who suffer the ill effects of quarreling. Lastly, we find those who quarrel over some matter at hand, but who really never mean to give in.

These quarrels, which might easily be brought to an end, are often the result of the breaking of a friendship which was at one time most intimate. You have quarreled, but you are positive that your views are right and you cannot change them. So is the other person positive, beyond all doubt, that he is right. What must then in all probability happen? The most natural thing is that you should remain apart.

Mary will say, "I like Jean, but we have quarreled and I absolutely know that I'm right, so how can I apologize or give in?"

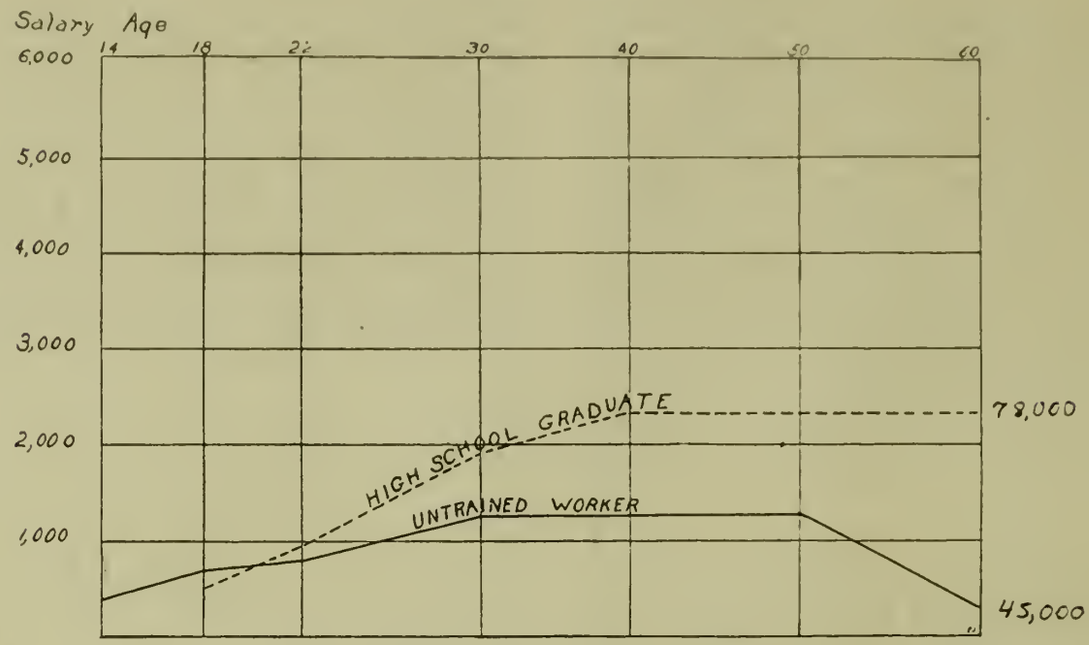
Jean will say something to the same effect. Both girls like each other, but each holds a different opinion, which is according to her, the one and only just one. They have quarreled and as a result their friendship is strained almost to the breaking point.

Finally, one of the girls decides that she likes the other so well that the quarrel is of minor importance. She apologizes and the girls become steadfast friends. It took both the girls to make the quarrel, but one was enough to break it, showing us that nothing is any truer than the old Spanish proverb,

"Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it."

A. C., '24.

WHY GRADUATE?



UNTRAINED WORKER - SOLID LINE——
HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE - BROKEN LINE-----

The above chart answers this question quite definitely. We may see here the relative earnings of a boy who leaves school at 14 and one who leaves at 18 with a high school training. The former gets a head start, so to speak, but in that extra four years he earns only about $2,000. The high school graduate has meanwhile obtained for himself the training by which he soon overtakes the other and goes far beyond him. At the age of 60 he has earned almost twice what the untrained man has earned, and is still capable of self-support, while 60 per cent of the untrained men are dependent on others at this age. This means that every hour spent in high school is worth eight or nine dollars. In the first four years an untrained person has saved about four hundred dollars at most, although many do not. This means an income of about sixteen or twenty dollars per year to compensate for not having a high school education.

There are other considerations, as well. A non-graduate cannot go to a law school, medical school, dental school, Army or Navy Aviation school or get a position with a future in any bank or office. Fifty different lines for mechanics are closed to him, according to the United States Bureau of Labor. This is largely because he must learn only by experience, while a high school graduate has experience and a training which enables him to use that experience to the best advantage.

A high school education brings other things beside money. It gives a broader range in every way, more room in which to move. A graduate can talk and think much better and become a better citizen. Only ten per cent of the whole population have graduated from high school, but eighty per cent of the leaders in America came from this class.

A graduate of high school learns to learn. He has learned sufficient to enable him to learn much more. He has the tools with which to work, while a non-graduate has not the ability or information to make it possible for him to set out right. In an emergency he has not sufficient range so that he may turn his hand to anything else. A high school graduate does not know everything, but he knows how to go about a task and he can learn as he goes along.

The other has nothing to begin with and is lost at the start.

High school graduation is insurance and protection against the unfortunately large number of schemers. A certain man in Boston in 1920 robbed ignorant people of millions by promising large returns on their investment. If high school graduates invested in this, it was not because they believed in it, but because they hoped they might gain something and withdraw before the crash came. Non-graduates are less likely to see the absurdity of such a scheme.

High school makes it possible to appreciate things better. A non-graduate, although he may become rich, cannot enjoy his money as well. A man who has bought a rare painting got less pleasure from it, because he could not appreciate it, than did a visitor who had studied art and who only saw the picture a short time. In short, a high school education starts one on the road to greater things in every way and while much depends on the individual himself, he can always go farther with that extra training.

P. J., '24.

A TROPICAL ADVENTURE

We were slowly and lazily paddling our boats down one of the minor rivers on the east coast of the Island of Java. The day was exceedingly hot and made my companion and myself feel lazy. Even our guides and servants, who were natives of this tropical climate, did not seem to relish the heat as they showed by their melancholy lifting and dipping of the paddles into the water. Not only they, but even the dense, tangled vegetation on the banks of the river seemed to hang listlessly as if caring neither whether it lived or died. Not a leaf quivered, nor a breeze stirred and the water stood motionless doing nothing except reflecting in its bosom this world of peace and laziness. All was silence for we did not care to exert our minds with thought or talk. Only the regular splash of the paddles could be heard and the occasional echo of the bellowing of water buffaloes that were probably wallowing in some muddy, shady hole.

Before long we knew that we were nearing a village, for there could be heard the shouts of children who were perhaps also enjoying the coolness of the still water. As we turned the corner a cluster of thatched roofs became visible through the thick tropical growth. Farther down we saw a group of brown, naked children splashing in the water. They seemed to be the only ones who were disturbing nature's peace.

At that moment a shriek, splash and roar became audible, all at the same time, and I saw a great yellowish beast pounce out of the thicket into the group of children far down the river. Almost instantly it leaped out of sight again. We were really frightened for we felt our boats standing still, but as soon as we came to our senses we hurried down to the tragic scene. The people of the village were now all running to the river banks and shouts of, "Tiger, tiger, the man-eater," could be heard. Upon investigation it was discovered that no child was missing and that at least for once the ferocious beast had had a poor aim. However, this did not seem to give the natives any peace for they knew that the animal would make another attempt before long. They seemed very glad to see white men and asked us to remain in their village over night and help them rid the vicinity of the beast the next day. They knew its place of abode for it had already taken some of their children, but, as they had no firearms, they were helpless.

As we were well supplied with these we decided to yield to the entreaties of these people and put up for the night in their chief's shack. Early the next morning after breakfasting on cocoanut milk and rice, we set out with a large number of the natives to the man-eater's abode. It was considerably cooler in the morning and together with the excitement we felt hungry for revenge. Henderson and I armed ourselves with six revolvers, while the natives

all carried bows and arrows and spears.

After walking for at least an hour, we came to a great cliff of rock in the side of which there seemed to be an enormous cave. Everyone was silent and we walked stealthily for we were previously informed that if the beast had had a good supper the night before he would still be asleep.

As we silently neared the cave from the side a streak of yellow became visible. "He is there," whispered our leader and motioning the band to quickly turn to the front side he uttered the word, "Shoot." We did shoot from two revolvers each, while the natives poured a volley of arrows and spears at the cave opening. At that instant a terrific roar was heard, a yellow and black form reeled out of the cave and fell upon the gray rocks.

We stood still and watched while the natives shouted with joy as they rushed up to their victim. I felt sorry that the peace of yesterday should end in this battle of today, but I felt happy, for the natives would be safe. I was convinced, however, that we never know what foe is lurking behind all peace—mind's peace, country's peace, or nature's peace.

M. P., '25.

TASTING THEIR OWN MEDICINE

Jerry McDonagh was a freshman at London University, London. He was a husky, Irish lad, born on a farm in Ireland. This was his third day away from home, and late that night, after he had crept into bed, he heard a faint noise coming along the corridor. His door opened, and three forms silently glided into the room, seized Jerry and despite his struggles, bore him out of the building. At the end of a walk they were joined by many more figures, and Jerry recognized all these to be sophomores.

"And now for the ducking," cried one of them.

Jerry was then led down several streets and soon they came to their appointed place, London Bridge. Jerry was lifted aloft by several of the boys and thrown into the waters beneath. B-r-r-r. The water was not very cold, but on such sudden contact with his body, it felt very unpleasant.

"Good-bye, Freshie," called a sophomore. "When you're tired, swim back and we'll be ready for you again."

Unknown to the others, Jerry was a very good swimmer, practically having lived in the water all his life, as there was a large pond near his home. So now he determined to outwit those sophomores standing on the bridge, and give them a taste of their own hazing. He swam with long steady strokes, making rapid progress, but under the water. At one time he shot his head above the surface for breath so quickly that no one saw him. After what seemed hours to him, he reached the other side of the river and somehow managed to climb up at that end of the bridge, cautiously keeping within the shadow of the arch. Seeing no one had observed him, he crept away and soon reached his room at the dormitory.

Meanwhile, the sophomores on the bridge were badly frightened. Not once had they seen Jerry's head after they had thrown him into the water.

'Maybe he can't swim," suggested one. "We should have asked him first."

"I'm going in, too," another declared, taking off his shoes. "Something must be the matter."

Everything was done, but to no avail. Jerry could not be found. Finally they all trooped sorrowfully back to the college. In the hopes of seeing they knew not what, they went up to Jerry's room, opened the door and entered. There lay Jerry, fast asleep!

R. L. K., '25.

Just Be Patient

Victim: "Hey, that wasn't the tooth I wanted pulled."

D. D. S.: "Calm yourself, I'm coming to it."—Punch Bowl.



First of all Netop wishes to extend a hearty welcome to Miss Kevlin and we hope she will enjoy her work here in Turners Falls High School.

We are now launching out on the baseball season. What will we do this season, win or lose? This question is entirely up to the student body. T. F. H. S. has good material, and there is no reason why she cannot turn out a team of which we are all proud. Our teams have done well in the past few years, still, how much better they might have done if only the student body had turned out in full force and supported them. How much courage do you suppose a row of empty bleachers puts into a team? No team fairly delights in putting in an afternoon of strenuous work just for the exercise that there is in it. What a winning team needs is a good big crowd of supporters. Do not make the mistake of waiting until your team is winning before you support it. Get behind it now and then watch it climb. It is our school's honor which our teams are striving to maintain for us. If we are not interested in what they are doing, how can they have the heart to do their best? T. F. H. S. used to have a cheering section. Most of us nowadays do not know what a cheering section is. Come on then, let us develop one of which we can be proud, and whenever our baseball team plays, let us all be there with the goods. We all cannot play baseball, but we can at least do this much to help our team win.

Seniors, graduation time is coming soon, and between now and Commencement we must do some real work, if we wish to have our exercises go through with flying colors. Now, this is what we are driving at. We want the aid of each and every one of you in making our last issue of "Netop" the best ever. Remember that the Commencement number is your number, the last memento of your school days in T. F. H. S., so please help in every way possible to make the Commencement issue of the Class of 1924 a worthy souvenir of your graduation.

He Almost Gave Up

Major: "Haven't you been here long enough to know how to stand at attention?"

Fresh Frosh (attired in uniform twice his size): "I am standing at attention, sir. It's only my uniform that's at ease."—Mugwump.

Two Sources

"Where is the island of Cuba?" asked the teacher of a rather small, forlorn looking boy.

"I dunno, sir."

"Don't you know where your sugar comes from?"

"Yes, sir; we borrow it from next door."



EXCHANGES

"The Dial", Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vt.—Your Christmas number was ideal and your stories so original.

"The Exponent", Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.—An excellent paper with plenty of spice.

Comments On Us

"Yours is a dandy little paper and certainly lives up to the standard." —Aquilo, Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Me.

"Your paper would look better if you arranged your editorials first and then the Literary Department. We envy you your Exchanges but why not comment on about twenty each time?"—The Argus, Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.

"We liked your 'Ginger Snaps' "—Passamaquoddy Oracle, Shead Memorial High School, Eastport, Me.

"We like your cover design and your athletic department is exceptionally fine. We note the absence of an exchange column."—Radiator, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

"Your issue was well arranged, but we would suggest a larger number of short stories".—The Shuttle, High School of Practical Arts, Boston, Mass.

THE NECESSITY OF FOREST CONSERVATION

A short time ago an illustrated lecture was given here relative to forest conservation. This was given by an agent of the Massachusetts Forestry Bureau which is making great efforts at reforesting the barren lands of this state.

Conservation of forests is absolutely necessary to the welfare of any nation. During the spring, when the mountain snows are melting, the roots of the trees hold great quantities of water. This prevents the washing away of large spaces of earth. It is believed that the great floods of China are due partly to the wholesale cutting away of their forests. Besides all this, our trees beautify the hills and mountains of the country. Therefore, it can be seen that our forests must be kept if this country is to rank among the greatest in the world.

Reforestation is also necessary for beautiful forests. Every year large forest fires sweep away many of our most magnificent forest-lands. This is usually due to carelessness on the part of campers, hunters, etc. The glowing end of a cigarette can start a fire which will sweep away thousands of feet of timber. Here is another fault to find with the cigarette habit. Along with the fires, insect blights are killing our trees. A few years ago practically all of our chestnut trees were killed by a blight brought from a foreign country. These trees are yet to be replaced. Large storms also kill a majority of our trees.

From these facts it can be seen that every community should have town forests. Several of our busy towns have set aside land for these forests which in time will pay the

community over and over again. The State Agricultural College at Amherst sets out small trees every year on their grounds. If every town and city in the state would make community forests there would no longer be the cry over our lost timber-lands. If a law was passed, forcing towns to raise forests, it would certainly be one of the finest laws ever made. Let us have conservation and reforestation work in our country!

M. L., '27.

TYPEWRITING AWARDS

The awards given to the students of the typewriting classes for the months of December and January were as follows:

The L. C. Smith Certificate

Ursula Dorsey
Doris White
Gertrude Hosley

The L. C. Smith Silver Pin

Catherine Schab

The Royal Certificate

Margaret McCarthy

The Remington Card Case

Mildred Reen
Arleen Brown
Dorothea Koch
Gertrude Hosley
Kathryn Horrigan
Marion Royer
Ethel Blassberg
Dorothy White
Esther Reum
Ellen Pervere

The L. C. Smith Bronze Pin

Gertrude Hosley
Arleen Payne
Margaret McCarthy
Dorothy White
Ellen Pervere

The Remington Certificate

Mary Hughes
Ruth Zeigler
Rose Crainson

The Remington Gold Medal

Ethel Blassberg
Clara Sauter

The Underwood Certificate

Jennie Siteman
Theresa Dessureault

The Underwood Bronze Medal

Jennie Siteman
Arleen Payne

ODE TO A BOOK

Dear book, when I was lonesome yesterday,
You came and helped to pass away
The time which seemed like years to me,
When there was no one for company.

You told me stories of warriors bold,
And how the children withstood the cold,
How knights rode far to save the cross,
And how each took his gain or loss.

You made me happy when I was sad,
You tried and even made me glad
That I was here, and made me look
Forward to a cozy fire and ingle nook.

J. B., '25.

ARRIVAL OF SPRING

Spring, the best season of the year,
Has come to us at last,
Bringing with it joy and cheer—
To make us forget the dreary past.

Athletes, scholars, one and all,
Revel in the glorious weather;
Out come marble, glove and ball
And off for field and heather.

R. W., '27.

He Knew

"Sir, your son has just joined a college fraternity. These college fraternities—"

"Never mind about breaking it gently. What hospital is he at?"

ATHLETICS

WHAT OUR COACH SAYS

Baseball

It is rather early to make any predictions relative to the prospects of the coming baseball season. But looking over the results from last year and then considering that we have all but three of that team available this year, we can hope to cheer for one of the best teams we have had in years. It is true that last year's team was composed of nearly all freshmen, and consequently they are only sophomores this year but that one year's experience should have its results.

Twelve games have already been scheduled, and four more are practically closed. Some of the strongest teams in this part of the state are on our schedule, such as Deerfield, M. A. C. Freshmen, Greenfield, and consequently the school will have a chance to see some real ball games.

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

For the last two years, basketball has been our weak sport. There are several circumstances which contribute to this condition. In the first place, public interest in the game of basketball is on the decline. Very few of the nearby towns were represented by town teams or professional teams. Not only is this a local condition, but the same holds true in a great many places. Winter sports are fast coming into their own and those schools that do not have suitable places in which to play basketball naturally turn their attention towards the outdoor activities.

Turners Falls High did not play any outside games during the last season, but we did organize and play through a successful interclass schedule. The result was gratifying, because it showed that the best of our material is contained in the two lower classes. Another feature that cannot be overlooked in the interclass games is the fact that more boys are actually receiving the benefits of the training, development and exercise than if the school was represented by a single team. If we had a much needed gymnasium in connection with our school, both the interclass and varsity teams could be taken care of, which would be an ideal condition.

The result of the games in figures show that the underclass teams were the winners. Also the individual scoring is headed by the Freshmen and Sophomores. This would indicate that the school will be represented by a fast team for the next season.

So far twelve games have been booked for the oncoming baseball season. Others will be added to the schedule later. The schedule:

	TEAM	PLACE
April		
Fri. 18—	M. A. C. 2 yr.	Amherst
Sat. 19—	M. A. C. Freshmen	Amherst
Wed. 30—	Sanderson	Ashfield
May		
Sat. 3—	Brattleboro	Turners Falls
Fri. 9—	Amherst H. S.	Amherst
Wed. 14—	Athol	Athol
Sat. 17—	Arms Academy	Shelburne
Sat. 24—	Brattleboro	Brattleboro
Wed. 28—	Athol	Turners Falls
June		
Wed. 4—	Sanderson	Turners Falls
Sat. 7—	Arms Academy	Turners Falls
Fri. 13—	Amherst H. S.	Turners Falls

In the interclass basketball games the freshmen won every game they played. The average is as follows:

	Games	Won	Lost	P. C.
Freshmen	10	10	0	1000
Sophomores	11	6	5	.545
Seniors	11	5	6	.454
Juniors	10	0	10	.000

The Individual Scores

Name	Points
Szweic	89
Shea	74
Martineau	69
Kingsnorth	54
Lonergan	49
Charron	43
Stotz	43
Thomas	42
Kelleher	39
Horrigan	34
H. Koch	33
Cassidy	30
Lawrence	25
Gartell	22
Braun	21
Escott	21
Haigis	19
W. Koch	18
Casey	17
Lapean	16
Reum	12
Strobble	12
D. Kelleher	8
O'Keefe	7
Waraksa	7
Crean	4
Prohovich	3
Jillson	2
Rosewarne	2
Welcome	2

The Persistent Tenderfoot

A young city chap got his first job on a farm. A few days after beginning his employment, the farmer sent him out towards night to drive in the stock preparatory to doing the chores.

There was quite a variety of stock, horses, cows, sheep, etc. At last he got them all fastened in the cow-yard. But he had been so long about it that the farmer asked the reason. Then the perspiring young man said, pointing to a jack-rabbit, "That little, frisky fellow made more trouble than all the rest put together."

"Mother," said the small boy, sent to dry a towel before the stove, "is it done when it's dark brown?"

Little Boy: "Will you change a ten-cent piece for me, mamma?"

M.: "Yes, how do you want it changed?"

L. B.: "I want it changed into a quarter."

"No, suh," ejaculated Private Madison, "no suh: ah could have went in de air service, but I done picked de laborin' battalion. S'pose Ah'd been a pilot an' de world had come to an end while Ah was up in de air an' let me starve to death! No, suh!"

"What city in the world is all that it is cracked up to be?"

"Yokohama."

JOKES AND JESTS



From Senior Grammar

A collective noun is the name given to a class of similar objects; e. g.: The Freshman Class.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er wales
and hills."

Sophomore Quoting King Arthur's Vows

"And worship her with yards of noble deeds until they won her."

When sewing always hold the cloth over the left shoulder.

Shakespeare was the oldest son of seven children.

B. T. U. means British Tribunal Union.

They compromised that three white men make three negroes.

When the Puritans came to America they got lost.

We will now operate on this inequality.

The knight wore a hat that made his cheeks puff out.

Will Wimble talked about what he did, but he did not do it intentionally.

In church when Sir Roger saw that anyone was missing, he asked him where he was.

Sir Roger rode into court on his horse.

When the Spectator was in the crowd, he kept silent and looked as if he had killed somebody.

What nerve he had collected was shattered.

Sir Roger hired a taxi to go to the play.

Precisely!

"Absolute humanidity is the Horatio between the relative humanidity and capacity." A Freshman.

In History

Massachusetts included Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts.

Philadelphia a state.

Tennessee, Mississippi in state of Alabama.

New Hampshire in Arostook County, Maine.

Civil War battle in California.

Mexico in Illinois.

Washington in battle of Gettysburg.

Blowing up of Maine during first of Revolutionary War.

California starred thirteen.

To make a thermometer, blow a glass and twist.

Cardinal Newman wrote the hymn, "Sleep Lordly Light."

Sophomore: "Ivanhoe was a palmist."

Mr. Lorden: "What was the last naval victory in the South?"

H. K.: "The end of the war in the West."

"What is the matter?" asked Jean de Witt, passing his head through the window of the carriage.

Mistaken

Owner of private pond (to man who is trespassing): "Don't you see that notice: 'No Fishing Here'?"

Angler (with an injured air): "Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here. Look in this basket."

How About Ulysses?

Professor: "Who was Homer?"

Student Dumbbell: "The guy Babe Ruth made famous."

Some Acrobat

Movie Director: "You have to do a number of falls. How are you on falls?"

Applicant: "I rank next to Niagara."

A Native Interpretation

"Tell me," requested the foreign sociologist, "what is the significance of the eagle that is shown on American money?"

"It is," responded the Son of Liberty, "an emblem of its swift flight."

Forgetful

Mistress: "Did you have company last night, Mary?"

Mary: "Only my Aunt Maria, mum."

Mistress: "When you see her again will you tell her she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?"

Ole: "Ay ban buy this ice cream freezer here. You feller say she ban make ice cream. Ay can't get one blame' thing from her."

Salesman: "Well, did you put cream and flavoring in the can, and ice and salt around it?"

Ole: "No, tanks. All Ay do ban turn old crank like the dickens. Ay ban know there was catch in it somewhere."

In the old days of the draft an examiner was putting Sambo through the usual course of questions. "Any previous military experience?"

"Lord, yes, boss," replied Sambo. "I'se an old-timer. I'se been shot at three times befo' they ever was a war."

"Are you American?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"Peter Haxpedxvoreguy."

"How do you spell it?"

"As pronounced."

Judge: "You say you were alone when you committed the robbery?"

Nitro Bill: "Yes, yer honor. I allus does me little jobs alone. When ye've got a pal, it's 10 ter one he turns out dishonest."

"Why didn't you help the defendant?"

"From the looks of the fight I didn't know who was going to be the defendant."

Captain (in civilian clothes): "Come on, fellow, open the gate."

Sentry opens the gate: Captain passes.

Captain: "Why the dickens do you let civilians through here?"

Sentry: "I knew you were an officer!"

Captain: "How the dickens did you know that?"

Sentry: "By your manners, sir!"

That's His Business

"Say, pa, what makes that traffic officer change his mind so often?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, one minute he says 'go' and the next he says 'stop'."

The Harmless, Necessary Cat Again

Little Jamie ran into the house where his mother was busy in the kitchen.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, "I've killed a mouse!"

"Why, you brave boy!" exclaimed the mother. "What did you do it with?"

"The cat," was Jamie's reply.

Employer: "Say, tell me why that little fellow carries two boxes every time and you only carry one?"

Employee: "He's so lazy he thinks he won't have to make as many trips as I do."

Teacher: "Who signed the Magna Charta?"

Youngster: "Please, ma'am, 'twasn't me."

Teacher (disgusted): "Oh, take your seat."

Skeptical member of rural school board: "Here, call that boy back. I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."

Taking Chances

Mother: "Johnny, your Uncle Henry will be here for dinner, and you must have your face and hands washed."

Small Johnny: "Yes, mamma, but s'posin' somethin' happens and he don't come, what then?"

Works Both Ways

Funny man (to elevator boy): "You have plenty of chances to rise in this job."

El. Boy: "Yes, but every time I do I get called down."

How Careless

Mother: "Poor Jimmy is so unfortunate."

Caller: "How is that?"

Mother: "During the track meet he broke one of the best records they had at college."

First Sportsman: "It's getting awfully late and we haven't hit a thing yet."

Second Sportsman: "Let's miss two more and then go home."

Daddy Joe: "What's all this noise about, you young rascal?"

Little Joe: "Well, mother said if I kept on crying, a great big mouse with big green eyes would come and sit on the end of my bed. I've kept on but it hasn't come yet."

Mutual "Helping"

A city couple on a drive through the country in the autumn pulled up beside a small orchard and helped themselves to apples in large quantities. Their consciences bothering them somewhat, however, they stopped in front of the farmhouse which adjoined the orchard and called to the farmer who was on the front porch.

"We helped ourselves to your apples," said the woman. "Just thought we'd tell you."

"Oh, that's all right," said the farmer. "I helped myself to your tools when you were in the orchard."

A Two Man Job

"How much would you charge me to haul that pile of stones away, Rastus?"

" 'Bout $5, boss."

"Seems to me $5 is quite a large sum to pay for a little job like that."

"I done know that boss, but I'se done got to hire a man to help me hitch up dat mule of mine."—Orange Judd Farmer.

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AVENUE A, TURNERS FALLS
Barber Shop

The Correct Number

A man, noticing a large crowd of small boys blocking the entrance to a baseball park, went up to the ticket-collector, and asked him to count the boys as they went in. So the T. C. called the boys to go in, one at a time, and as they did he faithfully kept tally. When the last one had entered, he announced to the interested man that there were fifty-eight.

"Good! That's about what I thought," said the man as he walked away.

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ICE CREAM PARLOR
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Diplomacy

The Young Bride (looking into the window of jewelry store): "George, I'd love to have that bracelet."

The Husband: "I can't afford to buy it for you, dear."

The Bride: "But if you could, you would, wouldn't you?"

The Husband: "I'm afraid not."

The Bride: "Why?"

The Husband: "It isn't good enough, dear."

The Bride: "Oh, you darling!"

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SERVICE

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Rapidity

A negro in one of the Southern states was arrested for speeding.

"How fast were you going, Rastus?" asked the judge.

"Tol'able fast!" opined Rastus.

"Thirty miles?"

"Yassah, I wuz going more dan dat. Oh, yassah, I wuz goin' moh dan 40. I wuz goin' 70. Oh, yas, I wuz goin' all of 70, jedge."

"What kind of a car have you?"

"A Ford."

"Preposterous," said the judge; "you couldn't go 70 miles in a Ford. That's impossible!"

"Oh, no, sah, tain't impossible atall. I always makes ma 70. Dis is a special kind of a Ford, jedge. It's got a Ford body and Pierce-Arrow glands."—Argonaut.

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